



On the Lamentable Death of the
L A D Y L E E,
Younger:

Who departed this Life, February 28. 1686.

A Funeral Elegie.

WHat is this World? but endless Toil and Strife
Tumults, & Toys, that wastes our wretched Life:
Distempered Mutinies, Uproars, and Factions,
At best, the Poms and Triumphs of vile Actions,
In which we have to'r Burial, from our Birth,
A Moneths Mourning, for a Moments Mirth.
That which presents Delight in fullest measure,
Tickling the Fancy, with deluding Pleasure,
It is as transitory, as a Flower
That blooms and blasted is, both in an Hour.
Lo here an instance, in a sprightly Maid,
In Courtly France, and Gen'rous England bred.
Who could set forth both Nations in their dress;
Their Ceremony, or their State express.
Blest with the Honour of a glorious Birth,
The greatest Happiness, we have on Earth.
Her Ancestors enjoyed all Earthly Pleasures,
Being Men of Myriads, and massy Treasures,
Whose Valour, and sage Prudence, did advance
Some of them to an Embassy for France.
Fortunes, and Honours Minions; who by far
Outstript Competitors in Peace and War;
To a Descent so high, and honoured,
She did obtain, an equal Nuptial Bed;
Match't with the LOCKHARTS, who in Deed & Word,
Second to none are, for the Gown, or Sword.
Scotland (for both) in an Immortal Fame,
Beyond their worth, shall never sound a Name.
Being matched so; disdaining to be coy,
She losed her Self in labyrinths of joy.
And liv'd as merry, as the Youths of Greece,
When they from Colchos brought the Golden Fleece,
No Erisctibous Miser, Beggar rich,
Who have, and have not; curst with Midas itch.
Her Heart was satisfied with her Store;
And did not wretchedly gape, and pine for more.



A Princess Tongue, and Hand, and Heart had she,
Harmonious, large, and liberal, and free.
No Rumor vexed her, she was nere so low,
Nor did she care, what Storms of State could blow.
Court was her Crime, if any such there be,
Not being possesst with barbarous Chastitie;
Like that coy, peevish Plant *Pulsatilla*, *her soft face*
That shrinks at the approach of every Man,
No, no, no time that Goddess doth record
That burn'd the Temple where she was ador'd,
Yet all these sugred Pleasures period have
In this sad seizure of the loathsome Grave.
Their Plenty passed reach of Pen, or Tongue,
And were too great, to have continued long.
All which upon review, give us to know,
All Pleasures here have but a painted show.

N. PATERSON.

Immodicis brevis est etas, & rara senectus.

Mart:

*Usque adeo nulla est sincera voluptas
Solicitemque aliquid latens intervenit.*

Ovid.

*-----Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.*

Lucret.

*Latus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare: & amara leto
Temperet risu, nihil est ab omni
parte beatum.*

Horat.

